



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 48.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 1660.

Refuge of Oppression.

From the London Morning Star of Nov. 1.

MR. G. W. BENTINCK, M. P., ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

KINGS LANS, OCT. 31.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Agricultural

Society was held last evening at Farring-

ham, near this town. The chair was

occupied by Mr. G. W. BENTINCK, M. P., for

Norfolk, the honorable gentleman being sup-

ported, by several of the leading inhabitants of the

district.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr.

BENTINCK proposed "The County Members."

Mr. BENTINCK, M. P., in acknowledging the com-

pliment, alluded to the rule by which party politics

were excluded from discussion at the meetings of the

society, and then proceeded to observe: "I may say

are questions which interest, and which I may say

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Parliament of England, after they had sanctioned

the outlay of 20,000,000 for the abolition of slavery

in the West Indies, further to evince their detestation

of that institution by putting a duty upon

slave-grown sugar, as opposed to sugar the produce

of free labor. That was clear and distinct issue

raised. "Will you or will you not confirm the ver-

dict which you have given by the expenditure

of 20,000,000, by putting upon sugar the produce

of slave labor a differential duty which shall give in

the market a preponderance in favor of sugar pro-

duced by the labor of free men?" Well, what was

the answer of the House of Commons? They said,

"No; we think we have a higher duty to perform;

we will not do anything even for the purpose of put-

ting a stop to the institution of slavery which shall

nullify against the great principles of free trade."

I am not going to enter into the merits of the

question, but I am going to ask you, "Are we

after such a decision, given by the Parliament of

this country, and with the consent of this country,

to put ourselves forward, and to say that we are

champions of the abolition of that institution?"

Why, the thing is simply absurd. But what was the

reason for this? The reason was, that the

Manchester mill-owner, the country generally,

Great Britain and Ireland united—accepting, with-

out hesitation and without remorse, slave-grown

or slave-produced cotton as long as it was profitable,

and as long as it was convenient to work that cotton,

and the supply of cotton failed, up rose all those

gentlemen in arms and said, "Oh, we must support

the North, because we cannot submit to this fright-

ful atrocity, this enslaving of our fellow-men; and

we must support the North, who are the honest abo-

litionists of that system." Why, did I never ob-

serve in history, that all this cotton was pro-

duced by slave labor? As long as they could

benefit by it, and filled their pockets by the pro-

duce of slave labor, their mouths were shut; but the

moment their pockets were shut, their mouths were

open—(laughter)—and we have heard nothing ever

since the shouts, and cries, and cheers of the abo-

lition meetings in order to explain that we Eng-

lishmen are all brutes if we do not unite in the cry

for the abolition of slavery. Well, we all join in

that cry; but I can say this, that I would have voted,

if I had been in Parliament then, against that

vote which preferred slave-grown sugar to inter-

ference with the principles of free trade; and I would

have given my vote against it most cordially and

honestly, because I was never an assenting party to

it as long as I could put money in my pocket by the

transaction. But that is not the case with those

who are most open-mouthed in this matter.

What I come to, then, is this—in the name of

common sense and reason, before we begin to dis-

cuss the question of the feud on the other side of

the Atlantic, let us drop the question of slavery, and

as Englishmen let us be thankful if nobody revives it,

for it is a downright mockery to introduce that

question into the discussion. (Hear, hear.)

Having said all this, I am going to say, that the

question of the abolition of slavery is a question of

the rights of man, and that it is a question of

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wishes are with the Southerners." Why is that? I

think there is more than one reason for it. In the

first place, the good sense of Englishmen has shown

them that the question of slavery must be entirely

eliminated from the discussion, that it is altogether

a thing apart, and that it is more hypocritical and

fraud to try to introduce it. There is no reference to

the question whatever in considering the relative po-

sition of the North and the South, or the relative po-

sition of this country with reference to these two bel-

ligerents. Then why is it that we sympathize with

the South, as I venture to think, from the way in

which you have received my remarks, you agree

with me that we all do? We do so for these rea-

sons—First, they have fought—to do them justice—

with a degree of gallantry almost unexampled, un-

der circumstances of the utmost difficulty, under

the very description of the fruits of the lesson. I

think we have seen the fruits of the lesson. I

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command of a grandeur rarely bestowed on one so young, and never on one so unassuming, we thought the Nation had purchased his fidelity and secured the utmost exertion of his capacities. It was left to experience to prove how narrow these capacities were, and to develop that dogged conceit which have since made him impervious to remonstrance, oblivious to censure, and indifferent to orders. His delay in the autumn of 1861, his cruelty in keeping his army in summer quarters all through the winter past, his ineptitude in permitting the enemy to escape from Manassas, illustrated again before Yorktown, and on a scale surpassing belief before Richmond, his base ingratitude towards Pope, and the later developments of the same deficiencies, superadded to insubordination on the Upper Potomac, have all contributed to weaken and destroy our confidence, and convince us that, while his appointment was a mistake, his retention has been a crime.

In the progress of the war we have freely expressed our opinions, never from a personal consideration, but with a substance, as a public duty. Their expression has subjected us to remonstrance, to censure, and occasionally to abuse. So did our arraignment—and we were the first to arraign them—of Stone and Buell, *et al* has gone on. Public reproaches have been heaped upon them. Our criticisms have been justified, and our predictions, as our readers will bear witness, have been fulfilled.

It only remains to purge the army of the Fitz-John Porters, Griffins and Sumners, and all those who make the personalities of command a condition of service, and who have freely avowed that God, neither fools nor traitors have compassed the destruction of the nation, notwithstanding they have brought it into imminent peril!

With the final removal of McClellan commences the earnest prosecution of the war. We shall no longer be compelled to ask:

“Do they still, as if with troops dragged,
Stare to the murmur of the Potomac’s waves?”

—Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper.

GENERAL McCLELLAN REMOVED.

It cannot be denied that Gen. McClellan has disappointed the hopes and just expectations of the people. For more than a year, he has had the command of one of the finest appointed armies the world ever saw, and what has he accomplished? Let the present position of our national affairs answer. Giving him all due credit—and much is due him—for his skill in defensive operations, for his ability displayed in organizing his army, and for the qualities of mind and heart which he has shown in the love and respect of his troops, it yet remains true that his excessive caution and lack of demonstrative energy have proved his unfitness for the high position he has held. He has always failed to strike at the right moment. He allowed the enemy to steal away from Manassas when he was weak, and our army was strong; he failed to improve the golden opportunity at Yorktown, and thus necessitated the disastrous campaign of the Peninsula, and he most inexplicably and mysteriously neglected to follow up the advantages gained on the bloody field of Antietam. Day after day, and the whole rebel army routed, as all authorities agree it might have been, has never been, and we fear never can be, satisfactorily explained.

We have never been of those, if such there be, who have desired the downfall of Gen. McClellan. We have believed in him, and have earnestly wished to see him win all the laurels which victory could crown his brow. But we are free to confess that while we deeply regret the necessity, we cannot deny the justice of his removal. Others will think differently; many will charge his removal to unjustifiable motives. But whatever may be our opinion upon this matter, the true cause for every patriot and well-wisher of his country to pursue is plainly apparent. It cannot be the part of a good citizen to make this event the occasion of intensifying political prejudices and hatred. One of our duties speaks of “the storm of indignation in soldiers and people” which is to greet the ears of the President in consequence of this act. But we trust there is to be no attempt to encourage insubordination in the army. It is to be remembered that the power of appointing the commanders of our armies rests, according to the Constitution, with the President, and with the soldiers. Neither is the fact of Gen. McClellan’s popularity with his troops any proof of his possessing the highest military qualities. The General who has gained the love of his troops has certainly secured one element of victory, but he may be lacking in other qualities essential to success. Nor are soldiers the best judges of a General’s military abilities. They move in the dark, they execute without understanding what has been planned, and love for the man easily becomes admiration for the General, even when the commander, to the eye of the more distant and impartial observer, has failed to display the qualities indispensable to success. But we have no fear for the loyalty of our brave troops. They will follow on to victory the gallant and able General upon whom the chief command has now devolved, and who has never yet been defeated. It is not time to elevate any individual into an importance greater than the needs of the country. In the midst of this great struggle, we must not commit the suicidal act of turning our attention from the common enemy to engage in a bitter quarrel about the merits of an individual. Individuals may rise or fall, but the great cause of liberty and national unity must not be impeded by factious adherence to their fortunes. —Portland Transcript.

GOOD NEWS.

The removal of Gen. McClellan, which has been long and anxiously looked for by nearly every one who was in favor of a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war, is at last a fixed fact, and with this stumbling-block removed, it is probable that the last obstacle in the way of a general and decisive onset of our forces is out of the way, and we hope that the nation will soon see the war prosecuted in earnest, and with a view to hasten its end. On campaigns thus far have been almost entirely shams and failures, and with the most magnificent armies in the world, and unlimited supplies of all descriptions, we have accomplished nothing worthy of the gigantic effort put forth by the people, owing to the ineptitude and incapacity of the General; and the consequence is that the people have almost entirely lost faith in the Administration, and well they might, with the meagre results accomplished by such powerful, disciplined and well-equipped forces. We have heard it often proclaimed that the Administration was fully alive to the necessity of a vigorous prosecution of the war; but the only satisfactory evidence we have thus far seen of such knowledge, is in the dismissal of Buell and McClellan, both of whom were retained months and months after they had demonstrated their incapacity to successfully lead our armies. If it indeed prove that the Administration is really alive to the necessity of speedy and decisive action, it will soon regain the confidence of the people, which has been well-nigh lost to them, owing to the dilatory and indecisive manner in which they have allowed the war to be prosecuted. We sincerely trust that our anticipations in regard to the change of views on the part of Government may not again be disappointed, as has been the case always heretofore when a change of policy has been championed with a flourish of trumpets. —Freedom’s Champion, Atkinson, Kansas.

THE REMOVAL OF McCLELLAN.

The whole country will rejoice that, at last, McClellan is removed. By whatever standard he is measured, he is a failure, and one of the most costly ones that any country ever endured. He has been the evil genius of the war. Delay, indecision, hesitancy, defeat, have attended his footsteps. Placed at the head of the choicest armies of the Republic, afforded every possible facility for brilliant achievement, an accepted hero before he had fought a single great battle, and a predetermined Napoleon before winning any victories, he has most signally and miserably failed. Tens of thousands of our brave soldiers lie in their graves as the victims of his incompetency. Gloom and disaster have settled upon the country because of his incapacity. The rebellion, which, long ago, would have been crushed had been the man for the place he was in, has grown into fearful proportions and gathered tremendous strength. No better example of the results which could be seen of the terrible evils which an incompetent commander may inflict upon a great country. The President has at last been aroused to the absolute necessity of a change. He has been len-

ient, too lenient, to McClellan, and given him the amplest opportunity to achieve success. But it was not in the man. His military abilities have evidently been vastly overrated. For the General of a brigade or a division, under some great leader, he would probably do well; but he is not the man to wield such mighty armies, or direct such vast campaigns as characterize this war. But such military talent as he has, has been crippled and hampered by his political ideas. He has had no heart in the war, and has conducted it as a democratic politician, rather than as a great General determined to crush the enemy. By a natural and unerring popular instinct, all the compromising, half-loyal elements of the North have gathered round him. His name was on the tongue of every democratic demagogue in the late political campaigns, from Maine to Kansas. His praises were chanted by the Woods, the Seymours, the Vallandighams, the Medcys, and the whole chorus of pro-slavery demagogues. McClellan was their man. And he did them good service. His execrable method of making war disgusted and disheartened the country, and filled the mouths of democratic stump-speakers with denunciations against the Government for its ineptitude and failure in the work of crushing the South. McClellan refused to move or to fight, and democratic chaffers it upon the Administration. Thus the thing has gone on, until the Government finds itself, as the fruit of the McClellan policy, in the very verge of destruction.

It was this boldness and decision at last rule the hour, and that the President has taken the bull by the horns in dismissing this oft-demonstrated military incompetent. We hail it as a sign of happy augury for the future. —Lawrence (Kansas) Republican.

McCLELLAN’S DISLOYALTY.

The Chicago Tribune makes the following statement in regard to Gen. McClellan:—

“As long as Gen. McClellan was at the head of the Army of the Potomac, our loyalty forbade that we should weaken the confidence of the country and of the soldiers in him by the publication of the now that he has been displaced to make room for a better and more earnest man, there can be no objection to saying that when the war broke out, and before a Major-Generalship was tendered him by a too indulgent government, he frequently and unreservedly expressed the opinion that the South was right and ought to succeed. We ourselves have read a letter from one of the most truthful and excellent gentlemen of Cincinnati, a frequent visitor in Gen. McClellan’s family, in which the charge of former disloyalty is made, and supported by proof that not the most ardent of the McClellan supporters could deny it. It is, in fact, notorious in Cincinnati, where his home was when he was called to a command, that the sympathies of the General were wholly in favor of the rebellion, and that he never used any care in concealing them from his associates, upon whose discretion he could depend. Many of us, while wondering at the revolution in opinion that impelled him to accept a commission, it was tendered to him by Mr. Lincoln, have never been at any loss to account for his failure to achieve success. We state nothing but facts.”

AN ORACULAR PRINCE.

If anything is wanted to add weight to the testimony of Prince de Joinville, in favor of McClellan, we have no doubt that it could be had for the asking. Any other prince, as ignorant of American affairs as he was, if taken into the tent, and placed on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, allowed to see only one side of the case, and to know nothing unfavorable, to hear no vigorous criticism, would perhaps do just what this fat and ruddy Frenchman has done—put McClellan’s side of the case quite as strongly as he just as honestly as he has put it. But no testimony of that sort is worth a button. The General is to be judged not by what a French Prince was told, but by the results of his campaigns. What did he do? Did he, while the power of the Republic, beat the enemy at Manassas, a year ago, or did that enemy first humbug and then escape him? Did he take Richmond by his Peninsula campaign? Did he beat and pursue the rebels on the Upper Potomac? These are the points of interest in the matter, not what any wandering scion of a royal house says or fails to say. These questions the President and Gen. Halleck, with the concurrence of the whole Cabinet, have decided. They know as much about it as any vagrant Johnny Crapeau, be he prince or peasant, and in their decision we are sure the country will be content to abide. So let the sympathizers howl! —Chicago Tribune.

General McClellan has no personal enemy in the whole North, when decked in stolen and borrowed renown from Western Virginia, he came down to assume the command of the Potomac. One shout of welcome, and he was hailed as the savior of the young Napoleon, and passed him unchallenged to the highest place at the military council board.

Nor can he complain of a hasty verdict. The fidelity, and patience, and confidence with which army and people followed him, is a witness that he had a fair trial, or only unfair in trenching too dangerously upon the interests of the country. He had such an army as no earthly leader ever before looked upon. He had at his back the wealth and courage of a nation. He was surrounded, trifled with, all. The historian will have no slight task to sift the evidence which shall set down his failures either to incapacity, cowardice, or treachery. He kept himself for months on the defensive, in the presence of an enemy less than one-third as strong as himself. With balloons reconnoitering his movements, the enemy have come and gone undisturbed and at will. When apparently in his power he never struck them, or striking, forebore to crush. The net result of McClellan’s connection with the command of the Potomac is a gloomy picture of disappointment, anguish and shame, relieved by a single victory. The graves of our brave soldiers have followed his ineptitude marches, and mark where his camps for months have lain rusting in idleness. The indictment to be drawn against him will charge him with the ruin of the best army the world ever saw enrolled, the sore impeding of the boldest cause, the loss of the most valuable time, and the loss of the most precious blood. His crime against the republic is not yet written. His crime against the republic is one that may have no mortal healing, but it is none the less real. It is a mild punishment that tears from him the baton he has disgraced, but it saves the Government. Better days are dawning—yes, are here. —Id.

McClellan in the West. Our advice from Gen. Grant’s army at Holly Springs says that the news of the removal of McClellan was received by our soldiers there, and elsewhere in the Southwest, with the greatest joy. “Now,” say the boys, “we see a prospect of a termination of the war, and of our return home!” The boys are right; and though they may not have very accurate notions of the particulars of McClellan’s failure, they have what Sherman’s friends claimed for him, “great instincts,” which in this case, as in most other cases, have not deceived them. —Id.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. McCLELLAN. Gen. McClellan has at last been compelled to retire from a position in which he failed to do the just duty of the Nation, and the people. No General ever entered the public service at his command, with the superadded confidence of the army, the people and the administration—and yet he has failed to achieve any considerable degree of success. Month after month the country has patiently waited, putting aside alike the fulsome adulation of the sycophants and the carping criticisms of those unskilled in the toils and trials of a soldier’s life, willing to give him every opportunity of proving that he was not, as we see a prospect of a termination of the war, and of our return home! The boys are right; and though they may not have very accurate notions of the particulars of McClellan’s failure, they have what Sherman’s friends claimed for him, “great instincts,” which in this case, as in most other cases, have not deceived them. —Id.

Several of the journals are lauding General McClellan for his many conduct since his removal. All right, gentlemen! We give him all credit for his course. But was not Gen. Fremont’s course equally as many when he was removed from his command on the eve of battle? Yet those same papers could not say a word in his favor, but spoke most contemptuously of him. —Boston Sentinel.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1862.

MR. G. W. P. BENTINCK, M. P., ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

In that department of pro-slavery infamy, on our first page, the “Refuge of Oppression,” we give, unabridged, a speech made by Mr. G. W. P. Bentinck, a member of the British Parliament, upon American affairs, delivered a few weeks ago before the Marshfield Agricultural Association. It deserves a careful perusal as exhibiting, we are reluctantly constrained to believe, a widely prevalent feeling in England toward this country—a feeling adverse to the American Union and Government, and, consequently, favorable to the rebellion and Southern independence. It is a conglomerate of personal infatuation, undisguised and self-complacent Toryism, impudent denial of the plainest truth, consummate ignorance of the matters treated upon, intense hostility to republican institutions, and ardent sympathy for the cause of the secessionists. If such a pretentious blockhead is deemed qualified to be a member of Parliament, what must be the character and condition of his constituents?

In the first place, he deems it necessary to begin by stating, that no man in the kingdom loathes more sincerely than he does the institution of slavery; that he believes it to be barbarous, anti-Christian, every thing that is detestable. Yet he is wholly with and for the South, in no section of which, under secessionist control, could such a testimony be given against slavery, except at the peril, and in all probability, the summary loss of life! What he found so easy to utter before the Marshfield farmers, on British soil, let him, if he dare, attempt to utter in any part of that slaveholding confederacy whose independence he desires to see quickly recognized by England! He will be a lucky adventurer indeed, if he is ever again permitted to see his native land.

But it is to be neither charitable nor unkind to declare that his anti-slavery profession is a sham, to be counted with honest indignation; for the whole tenor of his language, disingenuous, audacious, arrogant, shows that he is an ingrained Tory, whose contempt for democratic equality of rights is as intense as his love of hereditary power is absolute, and who cares as little for the thrall of the negroes in America as he does for the whistling of the wind. Were he at the South, the first thing he would do, as a speech-maker, would be to burn incense on the blood-reeking altar of slavery, to denounce abolitionism as the wildest fanaticism, and to extol the humanity of the traffickers in human flesh. This is apparent from the fact that he has the effrontery to tell the people of England, “You spent 20,000,000, for the simple purpose of deteriorating the position of the slave whom you meant to benefit.” Is this Bentinck an Irishman, that he makes a purpose to deteriorate the slave tantamount to a purpose to benefit him?

Again—the hollowness of his anti-slavery protestation is manifest in his affected horror of mind in view of President Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation. “It would lead,” he says, “to a wholesale massacre of human beings, black and white, so extensive and so horrible that I will undertake to say there is nothing in the history of the known world which could be compared to it.” Contemptible disclaimer! False and cowardly alarmist!

Next, with an assurance scarcely credible, he says: “I contend that the question of slavery has nothing whatever to do either with the food which is now going on between the Northern and the Southern States, nor has our right to have anything to do with the light in which that food ought to be regarded by the people of this country.” He undertakes to prove this by declaring that, up to the time of the rebellion, the Northern States “upheld and maintained the institution of slavery.” This is true, so far as the pro-slavery guarantees of the Constitution are concerned; but this incidental support of slavery, reluctantly wrung out of the North in order to prevent national dismemberment, at last proved neither strong nor direct enough to answer the rapacious demands and growing necessities of the South. Hence, despairing of longer controlling the destiny of the country, and deeming it indispensable to her safety to establish a confederacy based upon slavery as its cornerstone, she perfidiously seceded from the Union, and declared war against the Federal Government.

This charge, that the Northern States “deny the black man the rights of a human being,” is grossly untrue; for in none of them is he or can he be held as a slave, if a resident therein. It is true, in some of them there are unjust enactments, by which he is politically proscribed, or forbidden to enter for settlement from abroad, but the passage of these is owing solely to that spirit of caste which is invariably engendered by slavery. These, however, are exceptional cases. In every New England State, except Connecticut, we believe, the black man is the equal of the white man before the laws and the Constitution, entitled to the same protection, enjoying the same political privileges, and eligible to any and every office in the gift of the people. In some other States, though disfranchised, he has secured to him all the rights of a human being, as much as any non-voting laborer or operative in England.

He utters an untruth when he asserts that those who proscribe the black man at the North, or who are engaged in suppressing the rebellion, “now arrogate to themselves the title of Abolitionists.” That title comparatively few are even yet found willing to assume: the great mass of the people continue to repudiate it. To be sure, this is not to their credit; but it renders pointless the sneers and gibes of this English blockhead.

He is equally disregardful of the truth in his unqualified declaration:—“The men of the North are fighting, for what most men fight—they are fighting for dollars.” Dollars! When did a people ever before make such liberal donations and large pecuniary sacrifices in the service of their country? There is not a mercenary object, but a struggle in good faith to maintain free speech, a free press, and free institutions, against a treasonable slave oligarchy seeking to destroy them all. They are actuated neither by selfishness on the one hand, nor by a vindictive spirit toward the South on the other, but by patriotic motives, a desire to promote and secure the general welfare, and true love of country.

But the climax of this Bentinck’s effrontery is reached in the assertion, that “the Southerner is fighting for that which is dearer than life—his liberty; he is fighting against one of the most grinding, one of the most galling, one of the most irritating attempts to establish tyrannical government that ever disgraced the history of the world.”

No better reply to the blockheadism and mendacity of this speech of a Tory member of Parliament than the last truthful and admirable lecture of George Thompson, Esq., on the same subject, which may be found on this page.

“WAR IN AMERICA.” We have copied, on our fourth page, a characteristic article with this title from the London Herald of Peace—characteristic, we say, for ever since the rebellion broke out, that journal has industriously and persistently assailed the American Government, President Lincoln, and the people of the North—placing the worst construction upon their purposes and acts, bearing them for not allowing the rebellious South to have her own way and to do with them whatever she pleases, and exerting its influence to facilitate the dismemberment of this republic, with a zeal that must excite the wonder and admiration of Jefferson Davis and his perfidious, plundering, man-stealing, slavery-perpetuating crew. Such obliquity of vision and perverseness of understanding indicate anything rather than a candid and peaceful disposition.

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

JEFF. DAVIS’S EX-COACHMAN IN LONDON.

8 Clayton Place, Kennington Road, LONDON, Nov. 7, 1862.

MY DEAR GARRISON—Very early yesterday morning, I was aroused from my bed by the announcement that an “American gentleman” had arrived, and was below. A letter, also, was handed to me. I got up, and read yours of the 23d October, introducing William A. Jackson, lately the coachman of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis. For your sake, as well as for his own, I welcomed the fugitive from Virginia, and he was soon seated by a good fire in my study, relating to me, while he took his breakfast, his adventures, both as a slave and a freeman. From 8 A. M. till 2 P. M., I was engaged in taking notes of his history from his birth until his reaching my dwelling. While I was attending a public meeting in the evening, Jackson was in my study writing to you, and I enclose the result of his three hours’ cogitation. I shall do the best I can to obtain for him opportunities of addressing the people of this country. It has yet to be proved, whether there exists a sufficient amount of curiosity to draw the people out to hear him. He will, however, derive benefit from his sojourn here, and, if I may judge from what I have seen of him, there will be no lack of either capacity or disposition to improve his advantages. He will remain my guest for the present, and Mrs. Thompson, and my daughter Edith, will have sincere pleasure in being his preceptors. I will write you again respecting him, when his prospects here are more defined.

And now, what can I say of the conflicts through which you are passing? What can I say of my own country, and the attitude which our journals and public men have assumed in reference to your great struggle? All through the contest, my sympathies have been with the true friends of liberty at the North. What I could do, I have done, to correct public sentiment. As far as my strength would permit me, I have written and spoken with a view to the enlightenment of the public mind on the real merits of the question at issue. Towards the close of last year, and at the beginning of the present, I delivered a large number of lectures in Lancashire and Yorkshire, including eight in the city of Manchester (six of which were in the Free Trade Hall). I also gave lectures in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere in Scotland. I formally proposed to the Union Americans in London, to give the whole of my time, gratuitously, to the work of agitation in this country, if they would raise a fund for the payment of the necessary expenses; but there was no response. But, alas! the only agency they employed was the London American, which has done far more harm than good to their cause, by being the vehicle for the venomous outpourings of G. F. Train, and the slanderous attacks upon the Abolitionists of their New York correspondence. Again—the Committee of the B. and F. Anti-Slavery Society has done nothing, and is only now thinking of saying a good word in behalf of the Proclamation. Thus, I have stood alone. The Star and Daily News have done good service among the daily London papers; and the Spectator and Daily Telegraph, among the weekly journals, have promulgated sound views; but what are these among the multitude of papers that have gone wrong? The tenor of my public addresses may be judged of by a report of one of my recent lectures, which I enclose.

Ever most sincerely yours,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

[We have placed the report of the excellent lecture alluded to by Mr. Thompson on our third page. Though his letter was written for our private perusal, we take the liberty to print it, as it gives fresh proof of his friendly regard for the United States, and his disinterested efforts, under trying circumstances, to sustain the cause of free institutions on this side of the Atlantic. He deserves something more substantial than mere thanks for the important service he has rendered.]—Ed. Lib.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM A. JACKSON.

LONDON, November 6, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—I now take the friendly opportunity of writing to you. I know that you and the friends of liberty would like to know of my arrival in Europe. I hasten to tell you. I come on my own responsibility, which you and the friends all know. I arrived in Liverpool on the 5th inst. at one o’clock P. M. by the steamship City of New York, making the voyage eleven days and four hours. She brought over good many passengers. They put off a good many at Queenstown—a good many of Irish—all of which were anxious to go home, and see their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and some of their friends that had been sick and lame for years. But they never thought of them at all till Father Abraham commenced drafting, and then they began to take off to Ireland, and think of their friends that they had left behind! There was one who said, “Faith, I have a bounty, and I will go and see my father.”

I have often wondered why the Irish had such a prejudice against colored gentlemen and ladies. I say colored ladies and gentlemen, because I am under the flag of Queen Victoria; because I know a colored man can come here, and in this land be free. Here you do not hear the word “nigger,” like you do among the low, degraded Irish of the North, who pretend to support the Constitution and the Union, and get their bounty, and go off till the war is over. Then they will all want to come back, and then they will talk about the Constitution bigger than George Francis Train. He had better not come over here where I am now. He might have to write his speech in a station-house here in London. If I had my way with him, and all such men as the Irish which I refer to, I would send them all to Central America, along with all the rebel prisoners, and make George Francis Train king over them all.

I would write more about myself, but I have to think of those who are in bondage. As far as me, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is my friend; he has given me grace to conquer, and will bear me safe through with all my undertaking, if I do not forget God; for I do believe when I forget God, I will certainly fail—I will be done forever. But I am happy to say to all my friends, I feel more like serving God than I ever did before. I feel that I will be sure to get along, if I look to God, and do not forget to pray; though I would rather be with the Union army, if I could help to kill some of the rebels, and my people all go free. I have done all that I could to get a change to go, before I left the United States, but the Government would not accept the regiment that Gov. Sprague was raising at Providence, Rhode Island, which I joined. But, nevertheless, I hope it will all come right by and bye. I know my people will be free. I was offered the chance to go to Washington, the day that I arrived in New York from Boston to take the steamer; but then it was too late, for I had made my arrangements to sail for Europe. That being on a Friday, the steamer sailed on Saturday; therefore, I would not break my arrangements, because I think a man without his word of principle is nothing.

I have more to write, but it is getting late. I will always stand up for the Constitution and the Union as it ought to be.

Very respectfully yours,

WM. A. JACKSON,

Ex-coachman of Jeff. Davis.

[We give this epistle verbatim as written by this self-emancipated bondman, and trust that it will prove edifying to the rebel President in special, and the slaveholding traitors in general. It indicates a sudden and wonderful change in the condition of the writer—from a mere chattel in Richmond to a recognized freeman in London. Making his appearance there as “a swift witness” against slavery and the rebellion, we have no doubt he will do good service at this crisis.]

There is nothing surprising in the fact that a person like Wendell Phillips should talk treason, and do so in a most absurd manner, too, so long as he can get an audience to hear him, and gets his pay for his disservice; but it is amazing that the men and women in decent stations in society should be willing to hear him, and should even buy the chance of listening to him. And yet, in this cultivated city of Boston, they heard his blather through, heard the Secretary of State and the hero to whom they owe their past safety, by whomsoever it may be saved hereafter, and said, we have done so evil.”

Now Mr. Phillips “raved,” what were the “malignant extravagances” and “rankings of this madman,” the kind of “blatherdash” and “treason” in which he indulged, may be seen by a perusal of the reliable report of his lecture made by Mr. Yerrinton for the Post, and to be found on our fourth page. The Courier smartly mistakes disgusting billingsgate for civil criticism.

B. GRATZ BROWN.

The name of this gentleman, now a resident of Missouri, and whose powerful support of the emancipation policy in that State is well known to us of the East, stands next on the list of lecturers in the Fraternity course of this city, for Tuesday evening, Dec. 2d. For the benefit especially of such of our readers as are wont to attend those excellent lectures, we subjoin the following estimate of Mr. Brown from the St. Louis News-Zeit, of Oct. 19, a paper alike devoted to the good cause he has at heart:—

“Rarely enough has a man without position or aid, as well as in knowledge, made every other day as Mr. B. Gratz Brown. We say this of our fellow-citizen with satisfaction and pride, though we are certainly no worshippers of Brown. On the contrary, since we happen to be speaking of him, let us say here, that we have scarcely had so much to take exception to in any one, as in this very man. ‘Noblesse oblige,’ says a French proverb, and its application belongs, if to any one, to our Gratz. For who, in these stormy days of general bewilderment was summoned as he was, to take the helm of public affairs in St. Louis County? No one approached him in greatness of intellect, clearness of principle, pliancy and convincing eloquence. . . . No one, especially, could with such playful ease vanquish Blair, whom he overtopped, head and shoulders, as a leader of the people, a parliamentary speaker, a statesman, an economist, and a financier; in knowledge, heart, and every other respect. But then came in relationship and regard—then came business, family, and care for the future between them. Yet is Gratz Brown a man of action, though living only in the concepts of the tribune, and of the spirit of ideas. It is he now, as then, the great, the undisputed champion of the cause of emancipation. Yet often a word, hurled by him into the confusion, gave the whole movement a new, or at least a steady direction, while it brings light to chaos. Such is B. Gratz Brown, with all his brilliant idiosyncrasies and deep shadows. He holds a proud place among us as an intellectual Titan. Who knows, though, whether a prouder, according to current ideas, is not reserved for him?”

We notice in a more recent number of the same newspaper, that the people of Missouri are beginning to consider whether the Senate of the United States is not that “prouder place reserved for him” by the State Legislature; apropos of which, the St. Joseph Journal, “a conservative sheet,” expresses itself as follows:—

“B. Gratz Brown comes of a stock that richly contains in itself the stuff for a United States Senator. His grandfathers, on his father’s and mother’s side, were men of conspicuous talent and tried patriotism. Though in politics opposed to Mr. Brown, we nevertheless regard him as a man of eminent capabilities, and if we must for once be blessed with radical Senators, we prefer those of capacity and character, of whom we consider B. Gratz Brown one of the most distinguished.”

Mr. Brown deserves, and we doubt not will secure, a large and appreciative audience, brought together not only in his honor, but for their own profit—w. r. o.

[In consequence of pressing duties and engagements connected with the state of the emancipation cause in Missouri, Mr. Brown will not be able to speak in Boston, and Hon. Richard Busteed has consented to take his place.]

THE TWO CAPITALS.

REV. M. D. CONWAY gave his best and most telling lecture, on the above subject, last Friday evening, at Lyceum Hall, Milford. The inclemency of the weather and bad travelling curtailed the number of hearers. But those who faced the storm were amply repaid, and left the hall with more enthusiasm and satisfaction than we are wont to witness. According to my judgment, this is one of Mr. Conway’s best efforts—in its delivery, he is truly M. D. Conway—only a little more so.

There are several striking points which he puts with an original force, suited to the hour, and which fasten to the memory of the hearer. His scathing rebuke of the servile cry, that our present struggle is not a war for Emancipation, is capital, worth more than “two capitals,” unless they get rid of slavery. His reference to the precious saints of New York, under the leadership of Fernando Wood & Co. is rich and caustic. “These fellows,” says Mr. C., “are continually oscillating, like the pendulum of a clock, between Washington and the Penitentiary.” The classification of those represented by the President’s Proclamation—“hunkers, neutrals, and weak-kneed and thin-skinned Republicans,” as we Yankees say, hit the nail on the head.

Then there were pathetic and sympathetic power that reached the heart. Curses upon a system so foul and unnatural as American slavery were inwardly rising, as our friend narrated the pained meanings of our Generals and others to the oppressed. The first of January, we were told, has hitherto been dominated by the slaves as the “heart-break day.” It is on this day, so pleasant to most of us in receiving and imparting tokens of affection and friendship, that the victims of oppression are assembled in shambles, to be let out, sold, and separated. No sun of brightness shines in their lonely path. But, thank God, Abraham Lincoln proposes to let in a little light on the next new year’s day! O, may it be to the suffering, tolling millions the coming of that glad hour for which they have so patiently waited, saying—“Am I not a man and a brother?”

I am glad to announce that Mr. Conway proposes to re-cast the lecture on the Two Capitals, and bring it out under the significant title of the “National Equinox.” This lecture he will deliver at Milford, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th. No better service can be done the Anti-Slavery cause than for our friends in various places to secure his services.

G. W. S.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If Mr. Phillips continue to make speeches, we beg him to consider that he may yet be the death of the editor of the Boston Courier, who, whenever Mr. P. gives utterance to his opinions, is sure to fall into spasms, froth at the mouth, convulsively roll his eyes, and present a most agonized appearance. Here is what the truly patriotic, philosophical, statesman-like, and highly eloquent lecture delivered by Mr. Phillips at Music Hall, on the evening of the 19th inst., at the opening of the annual course instituted by the Mercantile Library Association, extorted from the forehead of the editor of the Courier the next morning:—

Wendell Phillips, last evening, in the Introductory Lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, raved, we learn, more than his wont. We do not take the trouble to report the ravings of a madman. But it is all the better that this set of hair-brained desperadoes should let out all their fury and rage, so much the sooner will they come to the end of their rope. Mr. Sumner, who now attends their exercises to assure the public of his personal approbation of them, was ready, last night, with his expressions of hearty concurrence in the malignant extravagances of his equally highly associated; and no doubt is full enough to imagine that he, and such as he, are to rule in this country, only awaits the fitting and fast-moving opportunity to teach them what they are, and what is the indignant will of an abused people.

Seriously, it requires no brains to write columns of such low blackguardism as this. Not content with this vomit, however, this malignant Thersites, in a subsequent number, ejects the following:—

“There is nothing surprising in the fact that a person like Wendell Phillips should talk treason, and do so in a most absurd manner, too, so long as he can get an audience to hear him, and gets his pay for his disservice; but it is amazing that the men and women in decent stations in society should be willing to hear him, and should even buy the chance of listening to him. And yet, in this cultivated city of Boston, they heard his blather through, heard the Secretary of State and the hero to whom they owe their past safety, by whomsoever it may be saved hereafter, and said, we have done so evil.”

Now Mr. Phillips “raved,” what were the “malignant extravagances” and “rankings of this madman,” the kind of “blatherdash” and “treason” in which he indulged, may be seen by a perusal of the reliable report of his lecture made by Mr. Yerrinton for the Post, and to be found on our fourth page. The Courier smartly mistakes disgusting billingsgate for civil criticism.

How Mr. Phillips “raved,” what were the “malignant extravagances” and “rank

THE LIBERATOR.

grims! trust God, and do me justice!" And the fathers, with averted faces, said, "Wait! we dare not trust God! Wait until the long weariness of a seven years' war is over, until the Union, grown strong and rich, is able to be just." And the slave sat down in his chains and waited. The South, in 1787, agreed

Ladies and Gentlemen.—There are two words on everybody's lips—the North, and the South. They used to have a simple meaning; the land toward the pole, and the land toward the sun. Of late, they have assumed a deeper significance, and I want to use them to-night to represent those two elements which, within the circle of the Constitution, for seventy years, have been struggling for preëminence, and which now, one of them still within that girdle, and one outside of it, are doing battle for the control of this continent. By the North, I mean the civilization of the 19th century. I mean that table-land of manhood up to which the race has struggled by the toil and battle of nineteen centuries. I mean, free

tongues—free-schools—types—ballot-boxes—the open Bible—equality before the law. By the South, I do not mean half a dozen rebellious States; I mean an element, whether in State street or in Richmond; whether in Albany or Mobile; an element that reminds us of ignorance, idleness; a society planted on a volcano, to whom agitation is ruin; a society that brands the Declaration of Independence a sham. I mean a mosaic of races based on despotism and supported by cruelty. I mean a society which brings back the days of "Bloody Mary" and the Inquisition, by burning men at the stake for their opinions. I mean a statute-book which makes it a crime to give the Bible to a fellow-being, and thrusts into a dungeon a matron who has taught a child to read. I mean a society which holds for its cardinal principle of faith, that one-third of the race is born doomed and spured, and the other two-thirds saddled for the first to ride. I mean a feudal system based upon skin, and anchored in the Carolinas. Two elements, making up the civil state. Ever since we had a country, the antagonism of these two elements has been recognized; sometimes welcomed, sometimes dreaded, but always acknowledged. [In proof of this position, Mr. Phillips quoted from Rufus King, James Madison, J. Q. Adams, President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and several Southern papers.] Nothing out of the common course, therefore, if we find ourselves engaged in battle, the North and the South, representing two such systems.

that existed in their own institutions, placed side by side with freedom, and found the doom pronounced against them, the South accepted battle as the last resort, and the only hope they had. The North had ex-

haunted every method of compromise. Every pound of flesh had been exacted and given. Every lip, from the President to the pulpit, had been gagged in the service of the institution. All in vain. The laws of God, which are stronger than the devices of men, Freedom, which in every battle, equal or unequal, gains nothing but victories, had written her handwriting on the wall, and Carolina, in the very chair of the President, had been convicted of her assaults on opposition. (Applause.) She takes arms for no cause. To the south of her is Mexico. A conglomeration of different races, weak, having just survived her effort to force the Catholic poison that was circulating through all her veins. She thinks, "I will build up a separate empire; I will link myself, not with a strong race, of Saxon energy and enterprise, not with the children of Milton and Hampden, not with the sons of Hancock and Adams, not with the English language and Bible, which mean nothing but liberty; I will link myself with the Southwestern races, and build an empire that girdles the Gulf, and devote it to the perpetuation of slavery; and having done so, having divided the Union, I will tempt the Northwest, whose interests lie with me, to secede from manufacturing, tariff New England, and bind her to my car by locality,

geography, self-interest, self-evident sympathies; and then, having weakened the North and strengthened myself by an alliance with the Southwest, I shall perpetuate my controlling influence on this continent. That is her programme. Let Mr. Lincoln perpetuate this war, and hand it down to his successors in any thing like its present guise, and in the canvass that begins eighteen months hence, you will see a candidate on the other side the mountains, one plank in whose platform will be, that the West desert the East, and join her natural ally who holds the mouth of the Mississippi. If the Democratic politicians of Albany have their way, there is more danger of an alliance among twenty States, leaving New England out in the cold, than there is of an alliance among twenty States, leaving the Cotton States out of the Union. Understand me: I think we live in a generation which ought not to regard with dismay, but as our fathers regarded (according to the evidence) with hope and courage, the ripening of this conflict of our two great races that underlie our State. We have to-day in our hands the strength, if we only have the will, to crush the viper which has given us the right, and hands us the weapon. [Applause.]

This is my idea of the future that is before us. No compromise can ever bring us into safe and permanent relations again. This revolution was not produced by Calhoun or Garrison; it was produced by the seventy years which have produced Calhoun and Garrison. Rome was not destroyed by Caesar; it was destroyed by the hundred years that wrought out a Caesar; and to-day, the ripening of events, not the energy or the policy of men, places us where we are. The past is our lesson to judge of the future. If it were possible to take from us every tongue and

to gag our children, the very soil upon which we live, the very necessity of New England, coining her granite and ice into bread, would make her a dangerous neighbor for the aristocracy of the Carolinas (Applause.) The South does not wish for compromise. She spurns Horatio Seymour. She despises the Democrat who crawls at her feet. (Applause.) She knows, with the instinctive sagacity which danger confers, that her only policy to-day is to correct the mistake of 1787, to ally herself with inferior races for breadth of base, and then by temptation to draw from the North what she can. You might as well try to tempt the devil back to heaven as South Carolina into the neighborhood of New England. (Laughter and applause.) This being so, there is no remedy left, except in the North's lifting the gauntlet which the South throws down to her.

Mr. Phillips said he held to the right of revolution,

which is a just valuable and sacred right, and one which he hoped and believed was to regenerate the world. He would see the Union go to ten thousand pieces before he, for one, would deny that right. But the question was, how far the North had rightfully exercised that right? This is not, said Mr. P., a partnership, but a government. When the farmer sold out his hundred acres in Essex county, and went to Illinois, and gave the United States Government a dollar and a quarter an acre, what did he buy? Did he buy an acre shut up in the rivers and lakes of Illinois? Nothing of the kind. He bought an acre that had New England for its counting-house and the Mississippi for its highway. He took a deed which pledged to him Massachusetts as his workshop, and the Gulf of Mexico as the link that bound him to

Europe. He bought it on the faith of the Government, and that faith is to be kept. That is my first consideration, why I have a right to defend the Union. Secondly, and still more strongly, when this Union was made, there were seven or eight hundred thousand slaves in the Southern States. Our fathers said, "Let them be voters!" The South said "No!" We made a compromise; you recollect it. The South said, "Admit us under the sunlight of freedom, and that dark spot will wear away by its influence." The negro lifted up his arms and said—"Sons of the Pil-

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

It is really singular to observe how few persons have the courage to adhere consistently to the principle of non-resistance, or who can so intelligently and generously appreciate the conduct of those who do. We are, for instance, pledged to the doctrine that all war is unjustified and unlawful; and yet there has been no war waged in our time but we have had some great practical soundness of our principle, have passionately pleaded that we should virtually waive it in favor of that particular war. It was not the same class of persons, of course, that favored all these wars, but there were some who were not so completely in the main, and said that it ought to be treated as exceptional to our general rule; so that if we had followed the counsel of these well-meaning friends, we should have been in this position: that, while condemning all war in the abstract, we should have been sending forth our armies to fight wars with all regard to our worthy advisers, we cannot thus accommodate our principle to their individual predilections, and we can all the less do it, because we believe that, in almost every case, events have proved, after the war was over, that the course we took was the right one. The principle was the right one as a matter of policy.

As usual, there are some who maintain that we are wrong in opposing the civil war in America, because it is a war in favor of freedom. We will endeavor to explain once more to these friends that we are not in favor of the civil war, because it will tend to encourage and protract this most appalling and unnatural conflict. We have three reasons for this, and we will state them in the order in which the friends are most likely to strike *their* minds.

1st. We do not believe that this war is waged for the purposes of freedom.

2d. We do not believe that those who are fighting are sincerely and earnestly bent on promoting freedom as their object, we do not believe they can attain that object by fighting.

3d. Even if we thought they could attain it by fighting, we could not, without an utter abandonment of our principles, give them our sanction and approval.

1st. We do not believe that this war is waged for freedom. It is not waged for freedom, but for the Union and empire. Surely, those who are authoritatively directing the whole policy of the war must be held to be the most competent witnesses as to their own purpose and design. It is impossible to conceive of anything more explicit on this point than their testimony. Here is the language of President Lincoln:—"My paramount object in the struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that. What I do oppose is about slavery and the colored race, I do because it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help the Union."

Union. But what we are told there is the President's Proclamation. True, there is the President's Proclamation; but does that imply that the object of the war is the freedom of the slave? Why, it implies precisely the reverse. It implies that the freedom of the slave is to be used as a means to some other end, to conduct or otherwise to a totally different object. "The principle at stake is entirely disregarded, and emancipation promised as a mere incident in the war. The Government liberates the slaves as it liberates its enemies, and it is only simply to weaken them in the coming conflict. The promise is not even unconditional,—nay, it is made conditional on any act or omission of the black race. The act professes to be done for the benefit of the slave, but it is not done for him before the 1st of January, then the slaves are to continue on in their condition of slavery as long as such masters shall choose. The principle asserts is, not that a human being cannot, justly own another, but that he cannot justly own property loyal to the United States."* We picture to ourselves the Federal Government, like a huge giant who snatches the slave from the grasp of the South and then takes hold of him by the feet, and swings him round and round, and then, in a threatening attitude round one's head, read,

whenever it is found necessary or expedient, hurt him like a missile from a catapult in the face of the enemy, utterly heedless whether the unfortunate negro be crushed or not. Impact, provided it does some damage to the foe, is the only thing any great love for the negro? Why should any us, in this country, persist in practising an elaborate imposition upon ourselves, by trying to believe that the North is fighting for the abolition of slavery against such explicit and emphatic declarations of the non-existence of such a war as the North and the whole Western Continent whose testimony must be deemed conclusive on this point, it is Mr. Charles Sumner. What does he say in the great speech lately delivered at Boston? Here are his own words, and now what is the object of the war? This question is not only asked, but it is always candid. *It is sometimes said that it is to abolish slavery. Here is a mistake or a misrepresentation.* It is sometimes said, in flash language, that the object is 'the Constitution as it is,' and 'the Union as was.' *This is another mistake or misrepresentation.* It is not for the sake of the Union, or of the Constitution, or of liberty, or to establish slavery; but *put down the rebellion.*" We say, then, the war is not for freedom, but for Union and empire. We do not say, observe, that this may not be a very important object. We at any rate in this country would be generally ready to concede that the Union is the never sleeps, and who are not willing to surrender to justice or liberty the smallest fragment of our huge possessions, however acquired, have a right to speak opprobriously of such an object. But we have a right to keep distinctly before our minds that that is not the end, and that we are to be cheated into sympathies under false pretences.

24. Buwe observe, secondly, that even if the war were sincerely waged for freedom, we do not believe that the object can be attained by fighting. In the language of Mr. Gladstone—not in his recent but in his former words—"one has delivered man from slavery, and contained him in one's hands for months ago, and containing him in one's hands, I think still, the wisest word spoken in this country on the American question,—“We have no faith in the propagation of free institutions at the point of the sword. It is not by such that the ends of freedom can be gained. Freedom can only be accepted and freely embraced. You cannot invade a nation in order to convert its institutions from bad into good ones; and our friends in the North, I think, made a great mistake in supposing that they could. The only way to secure philanthropic ends.” Yes, we fully concur with Mr. Gladstone, that they have made, and are making, an enormous mistake. Lust, hate, violence and carnage, are the things driving foster-mothers for freedom and the least of all benevolent influences. It is founded on the universal brotherhood of the gospel. To our thinking, the deliverance of four millions of oppressed and degraded human beings from the bondage of generations, and their safe introduction to the possession of the rights of citizenship, task requiring a rare combination of the state-mag-

MR. CONWAY'S LECTURE. Davis Hall was filled to overflowing on Monday evening, to hear a lecture upon the war, by the Rev. M. D. Conway.

[illegible]

lock." But in his next letter to the *Standard* he said: "I have a different idea; the four had runaway again, and I have no doubt that they were two hundred gone. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the planter suspects that the runaway come had been sent to the States, and will only this object—and he probably gains some credit for it."

During the rebel demonstration in 1862, recently, there was intense excitement in the city. The natives hastily packed up their wares and their families, and were warned to take every direction.

The *Detroit Tribune*, New London (Maine) *Hartford Times*, *Hartford Press*, New Bedford *Standard*, and *Hartford Courant* have been criticised on account of the great advance in paper everything used in making a newspaper.

The slave trade from the port of New York is under arrest. In 1851, the *Standard* had a chadho is under arrest in *Fort* in Fayette, Cap. George, and Mary Jane Watson, the female slave trader, escaped to Cadiz, where she died.

George N. Saunders has returned from Europe, mission, and brings most gratifying news of a speedy recognition of the Confederacy, and the abolition of the slave trade. The abolition of the slave trade is to take the initiative.

The largest number of slaves owned by one man in the District of Columbia, previous to the emancipation act, was sixty-eight, and was owned by Washington Young. The whole number previously owned by their owners to the Commissioners, for the purpose of compensation, has thus far been about three thousand.

The *London Times* has published the following

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COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP
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EVERY RAILROAD STATION,
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 Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, not

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VOL. 1

Refuge of

GEN. MCLELLAN

The fate of the Republic. Some evil genius counsels in the Cabinet field, and irretrievable period. It is legitimate our Generals nor our meet the demands of surrounded.

[illegible]

that will never die; wars and disasters into which wander, and under hope and their lofty easily terminate the trust of General of whom all the confidence of the despair has its place. Disobedience has all the forces is nothing; not is the whole war con-

such dire consequences of the courage of the men made. What splendid proof from our noble victories can now be seen. The brave fellows have with from first to last exposed them to no preference in generalship, favorite captain by foot, and making even has chilled up the very. It is a shame, it is treatment to treat so certain to be followed

of the nation that in confidence of the arms rebel forces elated by of the country? Still few nor faint, and after years to restore this. And if our Statesmen something, the people their hands, and give (Catholic) Pilot.

PHILLIPS AND

Phillips has again been given to the world. They are farther apart today. Not because of this man's power of mind. His few brilliant minds of young men root and grow into the South. Better than about his neck and less deep, than that of dissolution of this Union.

With what assurance

North represents al-
zation; the South,
But men will believ-
who have never loo-
England. The So-
lows. He says her-
ners, her young wo-
an inbred habit of
defence of honor or
an easy control of
ing and humanity.
worthless people co-
has done. And Dr.

Phillips means the nineteenth century of ignorance, idleness, and despotism and says this South doted on a Washington greater man has no son, a man endowed with an intellect

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Madison and Mon
have not forgotten
genius and a ma
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